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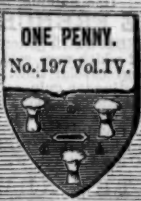
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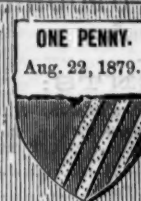
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4

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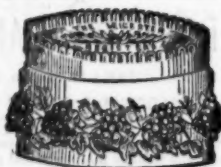
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THE L.P.P.

THE L.P.P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 197.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

### MR. COUNCILLOR BEN BRIERLEY.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THESE Silhouettes of ours, which in these days of electric writing are not even up to gas, and barely, perhaps, to rush or nightlights, would be very incomplete if they did not cast what rays they have disposable upon the well-known gentleman whose name stands at the head of this paper. If we failed to "fettle" Ben, not necessarily with a brick (for that would be internecine strife)—he being himself a regular brick—a great many "bantams" would spring at us with irate spurs, and a great many "beesoms" essay to sweep us right off the face of the earth. "Have at ye, then, my merry, merry men."

Upon an enterprise of this sort, it is impossible to start without using the words "owd brid." Having used them without perhaps much logical sequence, we feel abdominally warm as from a dose of the best peppermint taken off quick—or, as if someone had lighted what in the candle trade is called "a short six," and lowered it down into the pit of our stomach. If further,—still without much sequence in the Euclidian line—we follow up "owd brid" by merely putting down on paper "Dick o' Sam's" or "Sall o' Bill's," our inner satisfaction becomes a fiery furnace in which Shadrach, Meshach, and Ab-o'th'-Yate might walk about without turning a hair.

Is this a proper meat offering to Mr. Councillor Ben Brierley? (We decline to write Benjamin, as both Tracy and J. F. Turnerelli would object; besides, Manchester men would not know whom we meant.) Or must we venture another sort of start, and ask—

"Ben, owd lad, what hasto gotten a-gate a keawnsallin fur?"

That might annoy the electors of St. Michael's Ward, which frankly we should be very sorry to do; for there is not a man amongst them who was better pleased to see Ben Brierley in the Council than his present biographer. Besides, having the fear of another St. Michael's man—Mr. William Brown—before our eyes, and desiring to maintain unbroken the nosebridge presented to us by our parents, we shall not begin to put railing interrogatories about St. Michael's Ward, which, moreover, only did itself honour by sending a man of genius into the Council.

But Mr. Brierley's genius as an author will not concern us much here. As we have not catalogued the callings of his brethren in the Corporation, or referred, except in a casual manner, to their various occupations, so we do not purpose now to criticise the writings of Mr. Brierley. On some other occasion, probably, this agreeable task may be ours.

As a Councillor, it cannot be denied that Ben has gone very quietly into the shafts, and pulled away at his work with a competent quantum of tugging. Th' owd brids already in the Council always vote every new member a nuisance, and shove him on to the Nuisance Committee accordingly, letting the new brids so season amongst old grids and inappropriate urinals. Some of these novices, having attended the Nuisance Committee once, become so impressed with their duties that, when they get home, they usually retire into a one-stalled office in the rear of their premises, and there, with the tranquil moon perhaps as the only witness, register a vow that, given the control of their legs and intellect, they will never enter the Nuisance Committee any more. We have known men, when assailed with this feeling of nuisance nausea make an attempt upon themselves with raw brandy upon an empty stomach, and "an head" in which there was also much unoccupied floor space; when gradually the sweet spirit has heard their prayer, and they have come round.

Both the head and stomach of Mr. Brierley, however, are made of sterner stuff; a few smoky "chimbleys" or marble-playing urchins will not daunt him; "Why, mon, I smoke myself!"

It may readily be understood that Ben is in demand for Committees—not simply because he does his work conscientiously, but farther, because when the committee unbends, and the flow of soul succeeds the feast of reason, Ben gets pressed to augment that flow, and makes the Town Hall rafters ring much more lustily than the carillons.

"Then aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So fresh and voluble is his discourse."

Even in solemn Council assembled—the Mayor most worshipfully in the chair—the Town Clerk thinking of Intimidada (Colorado claro), the Aldermen on their dais, and the Councillors below the salt and yet thirsty, our Ben, once upon a time, "brast" forth into a speech in rhyme, in order to save the Reference Library from lodging like a Tom cat on the Town Hall tiles. It was a daring attempt, and it succeeded; not guilty, lad, but thou must not do it again. They did not say that no one else must ever do it, for the best of all reasons, because no one else in the Council could. Bravo, Ben, owd brid!

When the Parks Committee go periodically to test the quality of their bowling greens, and gaily fling dull care away, and twist and turn their supple corpses as the "woods" creep up towards the jack, as if their unconscious twists of leg and rib and saddle would do the bowls any good, or alter their direction for the better, then breaks the rugged face of our Ben into a broader satisfaction, and a prevailing carmine rushes across his disc. Bowling is a most healthful exercise—and developes much the braces or suspenders of its devotees, who are hitched up behind like seafaring men. Municipally, bowling tends to expand the sensibilities, and to set glass against glass. Throwing up, as a preliminary, knives, pencil-cases, latch keys, and occasionally a footrule into the air, and watching them fatefully fall on the grass, we, ourselves, to whom stooping is not a dainty or, for that matter, an entirely inoffensive operation, have been sometimes carried away with the enthusiasm of the exercise, and have shouted gleefully, "Away to the 'woods,' away!"

Whether we were in the woods, or on the mountain tops, or by the long wash of a summer sea, wherever or whenever, with books or with work, or in healthful play, we could wish no companion alongside who would better beguile our labours or our holidays than the poet representative of the ward of St. Michael, who is a Town Councillor and more—very much more.

## REV. NEWMAN HALL AND MISS WYATT.

THE letter of the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, about the relations of his sister, Miss Wyatt, and the Rev. Newman Hall, which has appeared in the papers this week, will have restored the distinguished Baptist to his former position in the admiration of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. No one can fairly doubt the particulars of that letter, and every man must deplore the low moral point to which paid advocates of the eminence of barristers will descend in order to snatch a legal triumph at the sacrifice of truth, honour, and the fair fame of religion. We expressed our satisfaction that Mrs. Hall's counsel had withdrawn the charge of adultery against Miss Wyatt and Mr. Hall at the time it took place, and the point of peculiar interest now is to observe upon what flimsy and well-nigh impossible grounds the charge was ever made, and whilst the defending counsel was addressing the jury, trying to set every little matter in the conduct of Mr. Hall in the most suspicious colours which forensic ability could paint, the modern pulpit Demosthenes, ten times more used to paint the phases of human passion, and ten times more capable of doing it than the barrister in possession of the court, had to sit there and hear actions, the result of tenderness, described as part of a dark plot to procure evidence with which to begin a process at law, which process is mostly described by other people as having been delayed ten times too long.

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## SECOND SERIES.

**I**N good time the following morning, we were out and away, over the placid lake, towards the Scroes, which guard its eastern border. The white mist filled the valley when we sallied forth, but rapidly lifted, disclosing, at first, fragmentary and fantastic glimpses, and then the entire mass, of the wild mountains that lie at the north end of the lake. Under the influence of the first serious effort which Dan Sol had made, for many weeks, to rule the weather, the dense vaporous cloud rolled up the sides of Great Gable, and away towards Sty Head, and a day of cloudless beauty, to be followed by a week of unbroken serenity, at last smiled on our little party. Our oars dipped rhythmically in the bright waters, and the stout old boat glided steadily along. Above us, the bright blue sky gave earnest of a season of enjoyment. Around the lake, on every side, lay objects and scenes of interest, of wonder, and of beauty. And below us—ah! we mean to trust ourselves to the closer embrace of Wastwater before we say goodbye to it. And so we did. We reached the further side of the lake, secured our boat in a comparative shallow, and in a few moments bounced like waterfowl over the stern, into about four feet of water, which rapidly deepened to six feet, and then, down through the translucent crystal, even as we urged our way along the surface, we saw how the rocky bed of the lake dipped sheer down to some unimaginable depth of watery gloom. I did not care to venture far over that sudden dip, for the idea occurred to me that to sink into that measureless space of darkness and silence would be to terminate my own experiences of pedestrian touring; for, although the prince and the Signor were both admirable swimmers and divers, it would have been beyond their power, or that of any other natatory proficient, to fish me up from the very roots of the mountains. Don John, too, mindful of the Dee, kept within safe limits. But how keen was our enjoyment of that morning's bath in Wastwater! The delicious thrill of the cool circumambient element; the excitement of the dashing plunge; the conscious power of the steady stroke; the brisk and bracing air of lake and mountain, which seems to breathe in health and vigour at every pore; and the glow, the sense of renovation, and almost re-creation, which follows in due time; these things open to the swimmer a world of enjoyment, of which the mere bather knows nothing.

We returned to the inn, ordered dinner, and, whilst we waited for it, amused ourselves by a critical examination of Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome;" though what brought up that particular subject at Wastdale Head, I cannot say. Dinner, however, put a term to the inquiry.

And then we resumed our knapsacks, and, casting many farewell looks about us, we bade good-bye to Wastdale and made for Black Sail Pass. We had to go some little distance to the south-west, and then the wide valley opening to the north-west had received us, and we had seen the last of Wastwater.

Our visit there is among the pleasantest of my remembrances. As such I treasure it, for I doubt if my eyes will ever again rest on the romantic beauty of Wastdale. Every season in life has its own pleasures and its peculiar cares, and the pleasures of one season can with no more reason be expected in another, than the sparkle of the crocus can be looked for when the corn hangs ripe and yellow, or when the melancholy winds of autumn are hushing the trees to their wintry sleep.

There is nothing that calls for special notice in the ascent to Black Sail. The scenery is of unquestionable grandeur, but so uniformly so as to present few, if any, of those dominating features which recollection especially conserves. From various parts of the ascent a good view is obtained of the singularly-cloven peaks of Seawfell, and at one spot a copious cascade falls into a convenient rocky basin, where, if the tourist choose, he may, in the most delicious of shower-baths, slake the heat engendered by the long, slow ascent. We did so. We reached the Pass, and found the track (or rather the route, for of track there was none) dip right down into Ennerdale, a wide, deep, and green valley, the scene of Mr. Bernard's (to me) unaccountable death. I use the word advisedly, for I have never been able to account for his death at this particular place, excepting on the supposition that the exertion of crossing Black Sail had brought on a spasm of heart disease, or an attack of apoplexy, which unexpectedly, and instantly, extinguished life. Of danger there is none, excepting that of a chance sprain. As to missing one's road, no one, with the most rudimentary ideas of direction and compass-bearing, need miss it in clear weather. In misty weather there may be some little risk, but none which a map and compass will not obviate. There is no place where

anyone can suddenly fall down any considerable depth, except some distance to the westward, at the foot of the Pillar. There, it is true, those on suicidal thoughts intent, can find a precipice convenient to their purpose, but they will have to take no little trouble to get to the top of it first.

From either of the ranges which enclose the valley, the Irish Sea, and the neighbourhood of St. Bees, can be discerned. It was the first glimpse we had caught of the ocean this season, and we hailed it joyously.

But all this time we must be supposed to be approaching Scarf Gap. Black Sail Pass cleaves the ridge on one side the valley, Scarf Gap divides its crest on the other. The route from Wastdale to Buttermere passes through Black Sail first, then descends into and crosses the valley, mounts the opposite Fell, passes through Scarf Gap, and then descends direct to Buttermere. All this means a fair day's work; and we promised ourselves a long rest when once we reached the Gap. At last we entered the short and rocky passage, and broke into a cheer, which disturbed a hawk, who sailed majestically over the hill top with a long piercing cry. We hurried over the rocks, passed the Cairn, and, emerging at the other end of the Gap, saw below us the Vale and Lake of Buttermere. With one consent we stopped and silently gazed on the ineffably lovely scene. The fields of varied green, the majestic hills, the rich valley, the gem-like lake! Through the clear atmosphere each detail could be seen; in the soft sunlight of the waning afternoon each feature of the picture shone with a tinge of colour so intense and pure, it seemed as if this lovely spot of earth had caught the hues of the sky that rested over it. Perfect picture of Divinest loveliness! So still and peaceful was the scene that the quiet footsteps of the evening seemed to steal on there with gentler pace. We stood in silence and watched while

"The golden sun, declining to the west,  
Tinged all the mountains with a glowing flush  
And poured his parting splendour o'er the lake,  
Which all day long had basked beneath his smile.  
Repose stole gently down upon the vale  
And sealed the pleasures of a joyous day,"

and then we descended into the valley and walked quietly on to Buttermere, having had indeed a memorable day.

## "DECLINED."

[BY THOMAS ATKINSON, JUNR.]

**I**M what you may call an unfortunate man,  
My thoughts and my actions are ever at fault;  
Whatever I cherish, whatever I plan,  
Is certain to meet with a cruel assault;  
My offers, my efforts, of body and mind,  
Are "declined."

I've loved with the rest of the changeable world;  
I've bowed to the glow of a maiden's dark eyes;  
To realms of delight I have often been whirled  
When dreaming of beauty, and possible "ties;"  
I've offered my heart, but—'tis very unkind—  
'Twas "declined."

I've pined for the laurels the orator wears,  
And striven for honours that crown the M.P.;  
I've said to my people, "I'd ever be theirs!"  
But they, to my sorrow, would never have me;  
They gave me, alas! a position behind.  
And "declined."

I've courted the Muses with delicate strains,  
And dressed my ideas according to rule;  
And, though the result of my lyrical pains  
Belonged to no very particular "school,"  
I dreamt of success, but 'twas only to find  
Them "declined."

My money had dropped from its usual sphere,  
But came by the hands of a youngster again;  
I said, "There is praiseworthy honesty here,  
A slight recognition it may not disdain;"  
I offered a penny, but, picture my mind,  
'Twas "declined."

I cannot but sigh when I think of my fate;  
'Tis very annoying I have to confess;  
And, when I depart this sublimary state,  
I hope I shall meet with a better success;  
But what if above and below me I find  
I'm "declined?"

## COUPON DINNERS.

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## THE FIDDLE CAMPAIGN.

[FROM THE "LIBERAL REVIEW."]

THE 31st Corps of the Salvation Army, head-quarters and depot, Ebenezer Chapel, Beaufort Street, proceeds merrily with its campaign. We have paid a visit or two to the seat of war in Toxteth Park since last we faithfully reported one of the opening engagements, and we find that—to mix the metaphor somewhat—as Captain Skidmore, who is in command of this corps, said it would, the Hallelujah fever spreads, and is fast becoming epidemic. We have also learnt some further particulars respecting the army and its constitution, which we proceed to lay before our readers.

First of all, we must apologise for calling Mrs. Skidmore a "full private." The Salvation Army is, like Artemus Ward's, an army of officers, and Mrs. Skidmore is a lieutenant. It is not always the case that the husband is captain and his wife lieutenant of a regiment, when two of the Salvation soldiers are joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. We learn from the *Salvationist*, the official gazette of the army, that the husbands sometime play second fiddles to their wives' first. For instance, it is recorded that "Captain Rachael and her husband," 100th regiment, have been carrying on a successful campaign at Northampton. Further, "Captain Polly Mason and her armour-bearer Susan E. Savill," 41st corps, have been scoring several victories at Dowlais, a place which they entered with the cry "Victory or death." Two Hallelujah lasses, forming the 67th corps, have, for some months past, been setting Runcom by the ears. Captain M'Minnies, formerly a *barmaid*, has taken and opened a "Salvation Barracks," at Leicester, where, she announces, she is "open to receive recruits at once." Captain Kate Watts and Lieutenant Singer report that they made "200 recruits in five minutes over one hour," at Bolton; and other instances might be given of gallant female officers at present fighting with the army.

To furnish some particulars of the effective field strength of this conquering army—which has, by the way, gained for itself an article in the *Saturday Review*, and the attentions of a special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who accompanied the colours in several decisive engagements—we may inform our readers that at the end of July it consisted of 106 corps and 3,256 speakers, 19 new corps having been formed, and 43 new officers created since last December. As interesting items respecting it, we may also say that the army boasts of an "army giant," Dr. J. Reid Morrison, "average weight 33 stones" (!), whose portraits are on sale ("all the profits given to the work"); of an "army giantess," Captain Mrs. Nixon; of a "Black Prince and Princess," Captain Bennett and his wife; "a gipsy lass," and a "publican's son." Other officers' names are Happy Sarah, Happy Eliza, Harmless Clara, Tom Paine (not he of *Age of Reason* notoriety), and Polly Perkins, or rather Parkins (whether pretty or not we cannot say).

But to return to Captain Skidmore and his wife, of the 37th (Spenny-moor) corps, at present on active service in Toxteth Park. This detachment has been re-inforced by another Hallelujah lass, from Sheffield, whose name we have not been able to ascertain. It seems a second lass was telegraphed for in these words: "Send a real good lass; we can keep her." Whatever be the other good qualities of the new lass, —and they were not apparent when we saw her in action the other evening,—we can answer for it that she has a real good voice, not unmusical, and of considerable power. She warbled some Salvation doggerel solos very sweetly, which quite "took" the audience, and several could not help applauding. Each evening the corps commenced operations in Gt. George's Place, or some other open space in the vicinity, where the fiddle is scraped, songs are sung, and zealous exhortations made; and then, attended by a rabble, the captain and his troop march to the Ebenezer Chapel, where some more exciting exhortations and invitations are given to the crowd before entering. Once inside the captain commences in the usual way by divesting himself of sundry articles of clothing.

On Sunday evening, for which Captain Skidmore had announced a savoury sermon on Kate Webster and her crime, the captain preached for some time without so much as referring to his announced subject, until, after having treated his audience to a sermon of the ordinary length, he pulled himself up with the remark that he had forgotten Kate, and then dived into some of the nastiest details of her crime, with which he proved himself very familiar. His application of the moral, "be sure your sin will find you out," was of course unexceptionable. A brother who spoke on the occasion volunteered the information that the captain's fiddle only

cost 3s. 6d.; and if he (the speaker) could fiddle, he would buy one himself to fiddle souls into Heaven.

On Thursday evening, when we were present at another engagement, the fiddle had disappeared; but bearing in mind what we had learnt as to its cost, we concluded that, being of a cheap and, probably, nasty order, it had most likely become disabled, and gone into the army hospital.

They had what the reporters of the army call a "rough night" on Thursday. A number of roughs congregated both inside and outside the chapel, and interrupted the proceedings with irreverent noises and profane remarks. None of these, however, disconcerted the captain, who seemed quite accustomed to the thing. The singing of the Sheffield lass also had the result of quietening the boisterous spirits present, and the Army finally came off triumphant, having subdued all opposition. Some of the remarks made by the captain in course of his address were very characteristic. Not to mention such provincialisms as "birds that fly in the hair," "the most wretchedest character that lives," "a man drowning," &c., we may take as a specimen of his most vigorous passages the following:—"Some of you never open your Bible, but keep it on the shelf until its backs are that thick with dust you could write your own damnation across them;" "If you go down to hell out of a chapel like that it will be a hotter hell to you than if you had never been in a chapel;" "Either be a man of God or a man of the devil—go at one thing or the other thoroughly;" "There is a big sea of mercy all round, and we can get a connecting pipe from it wherever we go, for every one we meet." It is such rhetorical home thrusts as these which give a man of the captain's calibre his power over the rough audiences he collects, and the more profane and vulgar his observations the more effect they seem to have.

But the most exciting part of the performance is when the captain and his lieutenant come down from the platform and commence their prayer meeting. Each member of the corps prays in a loud voice, a short, fervent, and unctuous prayer, which excites "Glory Hallelujahs," *Amen*s, invocations of the Deity, responses of all kinds, and deep groans from various parts of the hall; these accompaniments being often shouted out so lustily, that, mingled as they were with the crying of babies, and other noises of the most indescribable sort, produced a babel of sounds anything but edifying, and made it utterly impossible to catch the words of the prayer. It seemed as if both prayers and responders had worked themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that for a time they lost all control of themselves. All of a sudden the prayers stopped and the lieutenant gave out a hymn, and during the singing of this we managed to escape, though it was with difficulty we could get away from the clutches of the captain, who followed us to the door, and seemed disposed to retain us as a prisoner of war. Judging from the evening or two's experience of the glorious campaign we have now had, and from the way the excitement waxes, we fancy that when General Booth and his grand army arrive, they cannot help having a "high old time" of it in the Colosseum.

## THE NEW TRIAL BY JURY.

[FROM "FUNNY FOLKS."]

Blankshire Assizes—Jury-room.

MR. JOSKINS: Well, genelem, I moves that 'our respected foreman, Mr. Stodges, takes the cheer. (Applause.)

MR. STODGES: Much obleeged, I'm sure, for your confidence in me, as I hopes I merits. Now what are we 'ere for? To find out whether this man's guilty or not guilty, ain't that it? (Hear.) Now some of us says as he's done it; some says as he ain't. Werry well. How are we to settle it? 'Taint no good a-standing out and a-contradicting each other. (Hear.)

MR. BAGGS: The cheerman's right. Therefore I beg to move as the man be found guilty.

MR. BLOBBS: And I begs to second.

MR. GRABBS: Sorry to differ from our friend Baggs, than whom there is no one I respect more, and I must move a amendment as this man be not found guilty.

MR. CHALKER: And I seconds the amendment.

THE CHAIRMAN: Well, genelmen, I'm sure as it's been a great pleasure to me to sit in this cheer and see business conducted as it oughter be among genelmen—quiet, horderly and hamicable. Now we've got a motion and a amendment afore us. I puts the amendment fast. Six 'ands. For the motion? Six 'ands agen, including myself. The castin' vote I gives for the motion, as I do declared carried, as is the werdict of us all. [Vote of thanks to chairman and exit into court.]

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## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—*Faith; or, Wife and Mother.* Miss Bateman.  
Saturday.—*Mary Warner.* Last night of Miss Bateman.  
Monday.—*Another Drink.* Miss Dolare and Mr. G. W. Anson.  
Prince's Theatre.—*The Ladies' Battle, and A Quiet Rubber.* Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and the Court Company.  
Queen's Theatre.—*D. T.; or, Lost by Drink.* Miss F. Chapman and Mr. E. R. Callender.  
Free Trade Hall.—Hamilton's Afghan and Zulu Wars.  
Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.  
People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.  
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. The Afghan War.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THEY are actually extending the prerogative of mercy so far as to allow Lieutenant Carey to see his mother on his arrival. What is George of Cambridge about? Such indulgence will utterly demoralise our troops. The idea of a young man who is under the ban of Chelmsford's Court Martial being allowed to see his mother! Ridiculous!

AND so the mate who jumped overboard from the "Albert Edward," and risked his life to save that of another, has obtained his reward, a severe reprimand having been administered by the Wreck Commissioners. He got into hot water by plunging into cold. Why don't they bring him to Court Martial for cowardice, or for quitting his post without leave? He ought to have asked permission before going and saving a fellow creature's life in that reckless way.

GERALD MAINWARING is said to have some very influential friends; if that is the case, the mitigated sentence passed upon him for getting drunk and "potting" the police as if they were Zulus, will very probably be further mitigated still, and some fine day the Theodoridi farce may be repeated, the officials knowing very well how to look another way when required. We should think that as the prevailing virtue of the present cabinet is patriotism, Mr. Cross would never deny to an Englishman the privilege so readily accorded to a foreigner.

ANOTHER farce—*Patient Grissell.* It was a clever capture, to seize the offender the last day of the session and incarcerate the "hardened ruffian" in the State dungeons of the Clock Tower, and then release him on the following day until Parliament re-assemble. Where will he be then? Probably regaling himself at Boulogne, whence he will just step over in order to be re-taken on the day previous to the next prorogation.

THE young King of Spain is about to be married again, which is no wonder; but the announcement that the rejoicings are to be "on a limited scale" is truly astonishing. What can it mean? That the King has only a limited amount of gratification at the prospect of his union? or, that the people may reasonably demur to being asked to pay for another

royal wedding in less than five years from the first? Or has a "peace with honour" impoverished the Spaniards as well as the English? We must ask the Jingoos about this limited rejoicing. Perhaps the young King is about to enter a limited liability company as to rejoicings, and he won't be responsible for the extent of Spanish mirth.

THE Farmer's Alliance will soon become a "thorn in the side" of the Premier. They had a meeting at Chelmsford the other day to take into consideration the means of obtaining a better representation of themselves in Parliament. The borough and county members of Essex had been invited to attend, but, except Mr. Courtauld (member for Maldon), failed to do so. They sent excuses of more or less reliability. But it is a significant fact that the Liberal candidate, Mr. Wood, brother of Brigadier-General Wood, was present, and took part in the meeting. It is certain that with this movement among the farmers many bad laws are doomed.

THE Russian Government have given their chief naval constructor 75,000 roubles with which to conduct experiments in the production of a ship to sail thirty knots an hour. His name is Admiral Popoff, and a very suitable name too for the maker of so fast a ship.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has got tired of the weather prognostications from New York, and seems to think that the bad weather trade is quite brisk. The *P. M. G.* thinks that King Æolus must have taken up a station somewhere in mid ocean between Europe and San Francisco, and wonders does he ever send any storms to the States, or do we get them all here? Really the barometer so often shows a depression that we cannot raise courage to go in search of the storms Æolus may considerably send to America, by way of satisfying the *P. M. G.* that all is not plain sailing in the States. However, the *P. M. G.* may certainly assume that everything in the weather office is above board, if not perfectly fair.

EVEN in the days of agitation for Woman's Rights, the following, which we take from a local daily, must be considered a "startler."

A LADY (widow), 34, desires to correspond with a gentleman (not under 40) with a view to MATRIMONY; only Church of England and those whose incomes reach £300 per annum will reply; advertiser (through unforseen circumstances) has no means.—Address Q 21, at the printers.

We hope the widow in question will meet with what she desires; but we doubt it.

THE *Evening Mail* is fast acquiring a reputation as a comic journal. A short leader in the paper of Tuesday last is playfully bantering Mr. Mundella and Mr. Slagg for the matter contained in their speeches of the previous day. The *Mail* assures its readers that Mr. Adams, "that prince of Radical wire-pullers, has probably dictated to both what they had to say, and hence their family likeness." The editor of the *Mail* would have done his readers a service by pointing out the special items of likeness, for, excepting that both speeches were devoted to proving the weakness of the Government, both in Parliament and out of it, as to its controlling capacity, there is no similarity in the speeches at all. Perhaps the *Mail* is the author of that finely descriptive expression "they were very much alike, only more so." The extent of the comicality of the *Mail* is best seen in its description of Mr. Slagg as a new-fledged politician. Perhaps the *Mail*, as one of the organs of the party "on the side of the angels," is prepared to assure us that a politician is "born again" when he is proposed as a candidate for Parliamentary honours. If so, Mr. Slagg will be found by the *Mail* to be rather an old-fashioned baby politician.

OUR "angelic" Ministry have stated it to be their intention to reform the Marriage Laws next session, and we beg to suggest that they take the editor of the *Church Times* into their council, for he is able to give chapter and verse about the Biblical law of marriage with exasperating minuteness. In an article upon the subject that journal says:—"No one can read together St. Matthew v. 32, and St. Mark x. 11, 12, without seeing that re-marriage after divorce is an impossibility, even to 'innocent parties,' without renouncing the Christian religion. The life which re-married divorcees live is really one of adulterous concubinage." This is a warning for Mr. Newman Hall, and every other man who has got rid of a bad wife. "A first marriage," says Dr. Johnson, "is a triumph of reason over philosophy; but a second marriage is a triumph of philosophy over reason." This is rather different to the *Church Times*.

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## OUR SPECIAL AMONGST THE ZULUS.

DEAR old Bird of Freedom,—You will no doubt be extremely surprised at not having heard from your interesting fledgling during the last week or two, and perhaps feel that I am neglecting my arduous duties in not communicating with you; but you will always find that I am a regular bird in my habits by the regularity of my periodical bills. A Jackdaw's bill, you are aware, is his principal means of support, and mine is no exception to the general rule, as you will find by the one I enclose. During my constant ramblings about the country in pursuit of my tedious avocation, I have often met a stout, jovial, rough-and-ready individual, whose brusque style and conversation as clearly bespoke the Lancashire man as if it had been stamped upon his forehead, and happening to meet him last week whilst engaged in storing my mind with the pictures of men and manners which have made the Jackdaw so popular, he at once fraternised with me, and I learnt that he was the chief or president of an order called the Free and Accepted Zulus, and that they were arranging a friendly raid upon Warburton. He proposed to confer upon me a sort of honorary membership, which I at first hesitated about accepting, as I did not know how far the society might go towards imitating their African brethren in the matter of costume; but on mentioning my objection he told me that I need not fear, as all the change required in our costume on the occasion would be in the hat, the Zulu hat, being a rather peculiar but expensive affair. Knowing that entering upon the engagement proposed would be conducive to the benefit of the Jackdaw, I waived all objections on the score of expense, which I knew was no object to you, and assented; so paying my half guinea for enrolment, I became a Free and Accepted Zulu. On Saturday the proposed Zulu raid became an accomplished fact. Under an able and experienced Captain who was well accustomed to such excursions, in addition to our Chief (who, by-the-bye, is not named Cetewayo but "Tiz"), we commenced our movement from Tiz's kraal, on the banks of the river "Shoot," on the great Queen's Road, called *Prinsowales*, our bugler bravely sounding "I'm off to Charlestown," and marched down the Oldham Road by a peculiar mode of progression called "bussin'-it," by the track of the wild, subterranean stream which was known to the ancients as the "Tib," until we reached that celebrated open space where the savage horde, sometimes called the "Grecian Parliament," is wont to assemble. A little beyond this is situated the kraal of a friendly chief, at a place called *Topking*. Here Captain *Tink* (that is the name of our gallant commander) ordered a halt, in order to take in supplies, which were amply provided by *Tomwood*, the friendly chief, on the most liberal and extensive scale, after which we were indulged with copious libations of a singular drink, well known amongst the Zulus, and called *Shampane*, which I found particularly agreeable, indeed so much so that had it not been for the consciousness of my responsible position as a special correspondent, I believe I should have preferred staying with *Tomwood* and imbibing his delectable *Shampane* until now. In addition to this the liberal *Tomwood* supplied each of us with that distinguished article of costume which marks the Free and Accepted Order of Zulus above all others in noble and splendid appearance, the Zulu hat. I will not attempt to describe the article, as it surpasses all that description can do; it is sufficient to say that the sensation created by our gallant little band as we marched (on the 'bus) through the city of Manchester, was immense. Along the great City Road, through the extensive domain of Trafford, we "marched on (by 'bus) without impediment," fording the rapid Mersey (over the Bridge), and making a short halt at a place called *Sayle*, in order to take in more supplies, proceeded at a rapid pace until we reached another kraal in the district of *Karrington*, called *Winmill*, where we again eased our toilsome march (on the 'bus) by a short rest and further supplies. It was really astonishing to see the curious interest which the natives took in us as we proceeded on our line of march: those who happened to be outside their various dwelling places looked after us with a smile of encouragement, and those who were inside rushed to their doors and windows as we passed, and every face wore an expression of mixed amusement and wonder as we passed them. *Slaves* paused in their occupation, and greeted us with a kindly look; rough workers in the fields leaned on their implements as we burst upon their organs of vision, and a broad grin spread over their rustic faces as they watched us pass, and as the sound of our bugle awakened the echoes of the morning, even the cooks ceased to caw, and the hens stopped cackling in astonishment: they had evidently never before seen a body of Zulus in their war paint—I mean their war hats. A poor donkey, harnessed to a native conveyance, gazed on our hats with

tears in his eyes, more of sorrow than of anger showing in his patient countenance, as he mused in silence on his missing breakfast. And thus, amidst strains from the bugle, snatches of song, and merry peals of mirth, the Free and Accepted Zulus reached their destination at Warburton, where the stern face of a savage barbarian chief looked upon our arrival from his post of honour over the door with a grin of welcome. Here the first thing we attended to was fresh supplies, which were readily forthcoming, and to which we did ample justice, "Tiz's" voice being very conspicuous in constantly inquiring who wished for more. I really think that one of the principal characteristics of the Zulus is capacity of stomach, at any rate they showed that qualification to perfection upon this occasion: but the most capacious stomachs must be filled at length, and so were these. I saw several, whose portly appearance betokened an intimate acquaintance with the good things of the table, passing their hands over their protruberant stomachs with a sigh of satisfaction, and others commenced rapidly walking round an enclosure adjoining the house in order to ease the feeling of surfeit which plainly was visible in their faces. And then began a trial of skill at one of the most ancient games known, that of bowling. I say one of the most ancient because, on the authority of the late lamented W. Shakspeare, Esq., it was played at Rome in the days of Coriolanus, it was known in ancient Bohemia, and it was a favourite game at court in the days of Richard the Second. Of course your special bowled with the rest, and after winning one game for the credit of the old bird he represents, allowed himself to be beaten the next, as he knew that it would be very disheartening to his brother Zulus if he had allowed himself to be so far carried away by excitement as to win any of the coveted prizes. Of course you will give me credit for my forbearance and make up the value of the prize out of your private hoard. I was much amused and interested in several of the Zulu competitors, particularly an old veteran named *Matto*, who in spite of a tottering infirmity which seemed to characterise his steps, yet managed to come off the second best in the encounter, the victor being a tall wiry young Zulu name *Jimoom*. One of the party, who had a very red face and was a kind of Zulu lawyer in his way, talked very loudly about winning the contest, but had to succumb to Captain *Tink* who took the third of the offered prizes. I was not aware until now that political differences had any effect on the human face, but upon inquiring from the red-faced Zulu the reason of his rubicund appearance, he replied in the Zulu tongue:—"O, my feythers and gron-feythers han bin Radicals for mony a generation, an' we'n stuck to eaur colour so weel that it's gotten stamp't i' eaur faces." Another, who had very funny feet, attempted to run round the enclosure and fell, which fate also befel two others who ran a Zulu race and finished in a Zulu heap. One, who went by the name of *Sam Robert* (perhaps he had been christened by some travelling missionary), behaved as if he had been visited by St. Vitus's dance: he could not keep himself still—even dancing and sleeping in the 'bus at the same time. I only mention these peculiarities in order to give you an illustration of the manners and customs of the Free and Accepted Zulus when out on a friendly visit. They may not be as graphic as Archie Forbes's are, but they are quite as true, only more so. After the games were over we took in more supplies, and many faces looked sorrowfully back at the tables, regretting their utter inability to eat any longer. The journey back was remarkable only for being slightly damp, and showed one peculiarity of the Zulu hats, that of falling off, and the cure for it. One hat had fallen off half a dozen times, when Captain *Tink*'s patience became exhausted, and he kicked it once or twice, and it fell off no more. We only halted four times on our return march, for supplies: one of our halting places being at *Krounanker*, where *Kurri*, the proprietor of the kraal, being a relative of *Tomwood*'s, gave us a hearty welcome, and entertained us in an hospitable manner. From thence we returned to *Topking*, whence, after a short stay, we marched (still by 'bus) to *Prinsowales*, where our chief, "Tiz," made us a concluding speech (assisted by the bugler) as follows:—"Fellow Zulus,—on the 16th of August—I mean the 16th of August, 1879,—('hear, hear,' on the bugle)—the 16th of August, remember—(bugle)—on the occasion of the 16th of August, the *Prinsowales* annual—(bugle)—Stop a bit, where was I? On the 16th of August, 1879, the *Prinsowales*—(loud bugle). Just let me get out of this 16th of August. As I said before, on the 16th of August, 18—(bugle)—on this day, the 16th"—("My Grandfather's Clock," from the bugle). I cannot report the remainder of "Tiz's" speech, because it has yet to be made. The only thing I regret on this occasion is that I have not been made a Free and Accepted Zulu some years ago, for the sake of the grave old bird whom I represent so ably. You will find my bill enclosed, and I will trouble you to send a cheque—not

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crossed—to me at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, London, as I shall call there on Monday, en route for the great Foresters' Gala at Sydenham.

[Does our correspondent think we have no eyes? We happened to be at our office window when that 'bus passed down Oldham Street, and "spotted" him thereon. His boasted Zulu hat was a twopenny Japanese one, and although we do not mind standing his half guinea for him, we do not mean to put up with such items as—"To compensation for broken umbrella, 12s. 6d.; to ditto for disinterested generosity in not winning first prize at bowls, £2. 3s." We may be a silly old bird, but we are not yet lunatic. We have forwarded cheque for 10s. 6d., and quietly consigned the remainder of the bill to oblivion.—Ed.]

### THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

THE prorogation of Parliament naturally leads to an examination of the work done for the nation by that body during the six months of their labours. Of fifteen principal measures promised to the people, only four have passed into law, and it would not be fair to describe even any one of this lot as a measure of first rate importance. The Army Discipline Bill may perhaps be taken as the Bill which will have the most immediate, if not lasting, effect, but of that it is unwise to be sanguine, for it will be remembered how, only a few years ago, both sides of the Houses joined in complimenting Lord Cardwell on his Army Bill, now displaced by the new measure just passed. The Public Works Loan Bill ought to be a useful measure, but it is one of the class of measures so entirely dependent upon its machinery for its usefulness, that we cannot pretend to decide the point until some further information is made public as to its conditions and formalities. If a tolerably simple and straightforward method of obtaining Loans for Public Works has been drafted into the clauses of the Act, we may reasonably expect that very great good will follow this measure, as though many men are able to put forward schemes of the utmost public utility, of course few men are able and willing to lend the necessary cash for their accomplishment. Besides, probably the Act quite as much concerns itself with empowering corporate bodies to borrow money in the name of the people, and on the security of the rates, which they formerly did not possess, and in this way we can imagine many waste places may be brought into use—on the sea shore as promenades, and inland for commercial purposes.

The complaints generally made against the so-called fruitless and impracticable attitude of the Home-Rule party are self-contradicted. Mr. Parnell and others of the Obstructionists have often been regarded by Englishmen as men of wild, reckless, and unreasonable character, if not, indeed, also vulgar in the bargain. Nothing could be further from the truth. These gentlemen are the very pink of politeness and cultivation, and are such men as all the world loves to count among their acquaintance. The explanation of their parliamentary conduct is very simple, and in respect of contentions about the ownership of landed property, the very same line of conduct is set down as one of the recognised modes of action to surly, and cheaply, and swiftly bring the question of right before the courts, at the instance of the defenders, who are the proper people to move in the matter first. Mr. Parnell and others have discovered that Irish affairs do not get consideration at the hands of the English members at Westminster. The usual fate of measures prepared with the utmost care, and set forth with the clearest logic, is to be "talked out." Now, in questions not affecting the relations of Ireland to England, it is a piece of impertinence on the part of the English members, first to say—as they do say—that the whole three kingdoms are treated with about equal fairness, and then for those same gentlemen to talk out, and cast aside, almost without discussion, measures upon which the whole Irish nation have set their minds, and at the same time coolly neglect to give the Irish nation the power to do the same with regard to English affairs. If the Parliament really intends to govern Ireland as a conquered people, let them make no pretence of fair dealing. Say at once, that of their magnanimity, such and such things shall be done, but this pretence of just treatment has brought about what is known as "obstruction." There can be no doubt that a dead lock is near at hand, and can only be avoided by honest dealing with the affairs of Ireland. There was no obstruction on the University Bill, and yet there were plenty of Irishmen to whom that measure was unpopular. The Parliament is completely in the hands of gentlemen of the ability and polish of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Callan, the O'Connor Power, and others who can and will compel attention when the

affairs of Ireland are being thrust aside by the scoffing farmers and squires who largely comprise the English county members. Few measures of any kind have become law, and of the fifteen mentioned at the opening of the session, in the Queen's speech, about ten are withdrawn, at the same time the Ministry have had a solid majority in both Houses of about one hundred members. The nation was promised sanitary and economical measures five years ago by the Premier, but the list of that class which his party have passed will surely be a very small one at the end of this Parliament. Considering the price the nation has to pay, we may confidently assert that we were never worse governed than at present. This is the moral of Mr. Gladstone's Chester speech, and it is useless for the *Times*, *Standard*, and *Telegraph* to say we have heard it before. We have heard it assuredly, and every year makes that truth both more serious and more apparent. The lesson is a severe one; but these papers would be the first to call attention to the fact, if gentlemen of eminence in the councils of the nation did not save them the trouble. The complaint is puerile, and the statement remains unassailable.

### HISTORY OF ALTRINCHAM AND BOWDON.

IF only some one would tell them, how many interesting stories might be told of our country towns, and the part they played in the history of a hundred or two hundred years ago. Many of them are rich in the relics of bygone times, and if only somebody of an inquisitive turn of mind would give himself the trouble to search the records and the parish registers they would probably add much to our information and not a little to our pleasurable enjoyment. How much sometimes might be gleaned from a parish register concerning our "rude forefathers," who sleep perhaps, in the parish churchyard hard by; how many foundations might be found for the legends that float about all our old country towns; and how memories of things long gone by might be renewed. But in how many cases are the parish registers as free from intruders, or freer, as from those who sleep in the "aere" outside? Now and then, however, a diligent hand touches them, and an inquisitive mind comes to reveal what has already slept too long, and then, of course, the first thing everybody does is to wonder why in the world it was never done before. Mr. Alfred Ingham, who is a member of the literary staff of the *Altrincham and Bowdon Guardian*, and resides at Altrincham, has just done for those charming country towns what might with advantage be done for most of our old country parishes, and he has done it well. Until we came to read Mr. Ingham's "History of Altrincham," we had no idea how much there was that could be written and made interesting concerning these suburban towns. The author of the book is very modest in speaking of the task he has accomplished; too modest we do not hesitate to say, if he cares to know what is our opinion on the matter. The book which he has given to the world is the result of the application of the leisure of three years. So he tells us in his preface. All we can say is, that both for his own honour and for the pleasure of all who take an interest in the progress of Bowdon and Altrincham and the district, we are glad that he ever made up his mind to undertake the task of writing its history. Few men could have done it better than Mr. Ingham has done. He has made his book comprehensive in the time it covers. He takes us back to the earliest dawnings of Bowdon, which seems to have passed through strange vicissitudes of name before it calmly settled down for good with the name it now bears. It has become Bowdon, and seems likely to stick to it. Altrincham, too, has not become Altrincham without some struggles; but, like its neighbour, it seems to have settled down now, at all events, with the title by which alone its more youthful inhabitants would be able to recognise it as their home. Altrincham is especially rich in historic memories, as the records of the borough show. We must call it a "borough," for Mr. Ingham tells us that it has had a mayor for several centuries, and actually gives us a list of their worship's names since the 13th century, as well as a photograph of the charter which was granted, we can scarcely remember how many hundreds of years ago. He tells some rather funny stories of some of the mayors. The records of the "borough" have been very diligently searched by its historian, and with very good result. We do not know what Mr. Ingham's experience has been, but, judging from his work, we should think that he has sometimes been called upon to exercise considerable discretionary powers in the choice or the refusal of materials. It is no small praise to Mr. Ingham to say that he seems to have seized all that was valuable to his task, and to have rejected what was immaterial or uninteresting. He tells us what Sir Walter Scott has

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to say of Altrincham in "Peveril of the Peak; gives us Thomas de Quincy's ideas of the town as, many years ago, he watched the buxom Cheshire farmer lazes in the market; and recounts many interesting events and facts in the history of the district which were known previously only to very few. Mr. Ingham has not attempted high-flown descriptions, and therefore it is no derogation to his work to say that it is singularly free from what may be called the "heroic" style. He has a good story to tell, and he tells it calmly and effectively. No higher praise, perhaps, could be given to him than to say that he has made the history of Bowdon and Altrincham interesting to readers who have no family ties and no particular interest in either place; while to those who have those associations, his book ought to be as welcome as the sunshine just now, and a constant companion. Mr. Ingham describes Altrincham and Bowdon as they were a century ago and as they are now, and shows how rapidly they have improved. We should need no clearer proof of the development of Altrincham than this very history of Mr. Ingham's. It is a handsome volume, and yet it is not London made, nor even of Manchester production. It is home made in every sense of the term. Messrs. Mackie and Brewtnall, of Warrington and Altrincham, are his publishers, and it is but poor praise to say that they have produced for their client a volume which is fit to take its place in any gentleman's library. The outside of the book reflects as great credit on the printers as the inside does on the author. We are sure the circulation of Mr. Ingham's book will be large, and therefore we had better say that it is to be had either of the author or of the publisher.

### SUCKING PARSONS.

[FROM THE "LIBERAL REVIEW."]

THE Sucking Parson is, perhaps, one of the most unpleasant types of the professional religionist. In many a case, he has been held to be the "fool of his family," and so has been drafted into the Church, those who have had charge of him having, probably, complacently assumed that it is the easiest thing in the world to teach sinners the way to Heaven. In appearance he is generally inane, and in manner affected, and though he has contrived to scrape through his college examinations, or, perhaps, to gain the appendage of B.A. or M.A. to his name, "fellows of the low and baser sort," as they hear him simpering forth some commonplaces—his apology for a sermon—or rushing at lightning speed through the beautiful Church service, are apt to set him down as a simpleton. Young men, in particular, abhor him with all the strength of their wicked natures. When they refrain from calling him a muff it is probably only to declare that he is a hypocrite. Nor does he rise in their estimation because he is accustomed to affect their pleasures, and to show that he can enjoy the good things of the world as much as they. They like him as little when he is consuming a stiff glass of grog in the home of a hospitable parishioner, or smoking a cigar, as they do when he is making successful attempts to send the more somnolent members of a congregation to sleep. They feel that there is too much professional humbug about him, and though they may not be very good themselves, they are disposed to resent the way in which they see that he is prepared to skim over many things which they imagine (at the same time that they do not act up to their belief) ought to be held sacred. If they saw that he was thoroughly in earnest, they might respect him though they would not feel at ease in his company; but as it is they are disposed to imagine that he stands on a still lower level, morally as well as intellectually, than they do themselves. Older men are not so actively antagonistic to him. They regard him pretty much as they do a beadle. They take up the position, possibly without actually realising what they are doing, that the prayers in the parish churches of the land must be read and may as well be read by him as anyone else. They lay the flattering unction to their souls that he is able to say pretty things to children and women, and that it really does not matter what he says so far as they themselves are concerned.

The Sucking Parson would appear to be quite content to accept the position which is assigned to him. Apparently, he is not overwhelmed with humiliation because he is, in a fashion, a man apart from other men. Seemingly, he revels in the reflection that woman-kind are disposed to regard him with a favourable eye, and he acts just as if he laboured under the idea that he had been born into the world to lead a gay and butterfly existence. You will not find him thrusting himself upon that misguided individual Hodge. He knows that Hodge does not like him, and he does not like Hodge, and readily accepts the situation that it is best for them

to keep apart. Indeed, he does not appear to think it at all necessary that he should do more than preach at Hodge as Hodge luxuriates in the back and draughty seats of the church (i.e., when Hodge is at church), and on every possible occasion declare what a pest to the world and himself the wretched Hodge is, owing to his drunkenness, his idleness, his love of good things, and his discontent because he has them not, and various other causes which it is scarcely necessary to unnumber here. But if he leaves Hodge alone to go to the devil as quickly as his untutored passions will make him go thither, he is most assiduous in his attentions to the ladies, and very fond of putting in an appearance at gay and festive scenes. He may be found at almost every garden party and picnic which takes place within his parish, and he will be discovered to be pre-eminent amongst the merry-makers. From the way in which he acts it may be assumed that he knows a great deal more about, and takes a deeper interest in, the concoction of a salad than divinity. Then he is apt at making jokes (?). The modern burlesque writer might be excused for coveting the facility with which he perpetrates atrocious puns, and smiles sickly and self-satisfied smiles of triumph over his abortions. He is willing to jest at the expense of his own office, as if he would say:—"I wear a white tie, and a smooth face, because I am a professional priest, you know, and have to defer to the laws of conventionality, but really I am as fond of fun and frolic, and am, in point of fact, as little fettered as any man." Into the ears of fair girls he is accustomed to whisper "soft nothings," and he is in the habit of dancing attendance upon them in such a manner that it is difficult to avoid the reflection that nature intended him for a waiter, and it is a thousand pities that the evident design of nature has been thwarted. The maidens tolerate him. Some, indeed, like him, they often being, in spite of his idiotic conduct, under the impression that he is in a measure a sort of sacred personage. But, however great may be their natural readiness to be on good and intimate terms with one of the keepers of the keys to Heaven, so to speak, he is so flabby and artificial that even they cannot defer to him very long. The time arrives when they rally him furiously, and meet his advances with hydonish grace. They come to regard him as a being provided for their delectation—as one whom they may order to fetch and to carry, and flirt with, without exciting remark. They will tell you that he is a "very nice fellow in his way," but their commendations are such as ordinary, every-day sort of men would prefer to be spared. Even mothers of a designing order do not think it necessary to label him "dangerous." They feel that he may be allowed to do with impunity what most impudent young men would deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for. So he is permitted to dance attendance day after day, and night after night, upon the sweet creatures who may attract his fancy and who may deign to appear enchanted with his quasi-platonic attentions. It becomes known that he can be requisitioned for any *fête* at a moment's notice, that he is always ready for mild dissipation, his work—save the mark!—being such that he is able, at any time, to throw it upon one side, and he is treated accordingly. The one point as to which he appears to have any defined idea is that Conservatism is a magnificent thing, and it is the duty of all loyal citizens and good Christians to keep the Radicals down. Possibly, from his own point of view, he does right to stand up for fossil Toryism, for it is pretty certain that when fossil Toryism crumbles away—as it will, sooner or later, before the onward march of progress—the Sucking Parson will cease to be manufactured.

### MOTTOES.

- A VAIN MAN'S:—Win gold and wear it.
- A GENEROUS MAN'S:—Win gold and share it.
- A MISER'S:—Win gold and spare it.
- A BROKER'S:—Win gold and lend it.
- A FREELIVER'S:—Win gold and spend it.
- A FOOL'S:—Win gold and end it.
- A GAMBLER'S:—Win gold and lose it.
- A DRUNKARD'S:—Win gold and booze it.
- A WISE MAN'S:—Win gold and use it.

MADAME DE Z., who was not sufficiently intelligent to know that canals often took the place of streets in Venice, had just returned from a tour in Italy. "Well, and was it not beautiful?" asked her friend. "Was not Venice picturesque?"—"Men Dieu!" said Madame de Z.; "I had no chance of seeing anything in Venice. All the streets were flooded when I was there."

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## SKETCHES BY JINGO.

## HOW SPLUDGER GOT HIS WIFE.

IT was one balmy evening in the month of July that as we sat in "The Old House at Home" Spludger related to me the rather peculiar circumstances under which he obtained the fair partner of his joys, sorrows, and weekly "screw" of one pound odd. I say odd, because it would scarcely be fair to mention the exact sum over the pound, as Mrs. Spludger might come to hear it, and then there would be contention in the well-regulated household of Spludger. With a sound of melancholy pervading the tone of his "richly modulated voice" Spludger told me the following "ow're true tale." It would appear that "in the days of yore," now gone by for ever, he had been courting a fair lass, upon whom he bestowed the fond affection of his young, strong, loving heart. That Spludger was deemed a gem of the purest water may be known from the fact that all the belles of the village (which he honoured by calling it his own dear native place) were continually ringing his praises; and many there were who would have jumped, so to speak, at an offer of marriage from our hero. This naturally made Spludger just a "leetle" proud; and as a natural consequence, rather fastidious in his choice of a wife. However, after some months of deep cogitation, he made up his well-developed mind, and, bringing his courage to the sticking point, chose a young lady who appeared to him to possess all the virtues, graces, and blessings which one regards as part and parcel of the feminine gender, until they, by marriage, become assimilated with ourselves, and then—to our eternal shame be it recorded—we view them in the same light as brothers sometimes look upon the charms of their sisters. "Spludger's choice" became a bye-word in the village, and, as may be expected, the chosen one was, if the disappointed ones were to be believed, just the wrong woman in the wrong place. Some wept, and said he was a deceiver; others prophesied a miserable life to the happy young couple who, despite the contention to which they had given rise, appeared to be enjoying the brief, blissful sweetness of "Love's young dream."

The auspicious day when the twain were to be made one arrived. In anticipation of this delightful event, Spludger had sat up late o' nights studying the marriage service, and rehearsing the various parts which form the whole of this important rite. The coaches started in the direction of the parish church; but, it being rather early in the morning, there were not quite so many curious spectators as there might have been had the hour been a later one. Behind the last carriage followed one who, if truth were known, had in the bygone time occupied a not unimportant place in Spludger's expansive heart. Please observe that this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In an audible voice she softly murmured at each dainty step she took, "Who knows yet? Who knows yet? Who knows yet?" and so on, until the church was reached. Entering the church, Spludger awaited with what patience he might the arrival of the expected bride. An hour passed, yet she came not; another passed, and still the same weary disappointment was undergone by the angry Spludger. Looking around the church, my hero, espying the person I have mentioned as following the hindmost coach and repeating the words, "Who knows yet?" &c., determined to be revenged on the faithless creature who had proved false to all her fond protestations of love. Spludger swore an oath, not loud but deep, that he would make her his wife. Full of this resolve he procured a special license, and more out of spite than real love, he led to the (h)altar of Hymen his "blushing young bride." But, hark! another sound breaks the solemn stillness which reigned around this most impressive scene. Unavoidably detained, the was-to-have-been bride now made her appearance, but too late to form aught but an excited spectator of the "little game" which had been just perpetrated upon the unsuspecting minister. She screamed; she shrieked; but when she saw that this did not cause the knot which Spludger had firmly (?) tied to slip asunder, she chose a softly-cushioned place and fainted "right away." Her friends bore her home, amid the sympathising exclamations of her bridesmaids, whilst Spludger's now joyfully triumphant wife clung to his strong arm with all the sweet and loving trustfulness of a bright angelic being such as we love to picture women before the "glamour" is taken from our eyes by the stern reality of a few short years of married life.—(Vide Spludger now.) Spludger had a few bright sovs. to pay ere a panacea for the blighted affections of her who had failed to come up to time was found; and she has a thriving little shop in the village so justly famed for the unrivalled Eccles cakes! Such is life as I find it.

## ITALIAN (IN) JUSTICE.

BY frequent examples, it must have become a self-apparent fact, that justice is at a very low ebb in this law-governed country of ours, but still it may be some, though small, consolation to know that there exists another country where justice must positively be unknown (except perhaps by name).

Italy answers to the name of this other "grand" country. In the town of Spoleto resided a gentleman of position named Maroncci, who called in a physician named Domenicis to attend to his only son, who was seriously ill. Dr. D. arrived and was told by Signor M. that, if he cured young M. he should receive a fee of 2,000 francs (nearly £84), but if the lad died, the father would assuredly make the doctor's wife a widow. The Dr., thinking that the Signor M. was only joking, set about his work to cure the lad and earn his handsome fee, but, alas, fortune proved unkind, for the boy glided out of this world, and left the doctor to receive some sort of payment at the hands of the now sonless father. And sure enough, he did receive payment, but not in francs, for old Maroncci, being as good as his word, gave the poor doctor a leaden or a steel fee, for, in cold blood, he sent him to his last account, just because Providence did not see fit that the unfortunate doctor should work a cure on the son. M. was naturally brought up for, and found guilty of, murder, and was sentenced—oh, ye, good and upright judges—to five years' imprisonment, and a fine of 25,000 francs, to be given to the doctor's widow. And this is justice! To pronounce this paltry sentence upon a semi-barbarian, who, because it has pleased Providence to smap the lifespan of his son, wreaks his vengeance upon an innocent healer of bodies, whom he calls in to attempt to save the boy's life. Why, he could not have received a much lighter sentence if he had come to England and stolen—"an onion!" "Law, thy name is not Justice."

## THE PAWNBROKERS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE case narrated in the paragraph below, taken from the *Liverpool Liberal Review*, is an exact sample of many constantly recurring in Manchester. Though the pawnbroking business is supposed to be more tied down by legal enactments than any other business, it is not the less true that no class of tradesmen are more guilty of breaches of the law than they, and it is still necessary to make the restraints more effective. There can be little doubt that a vast quantity of stolen property is regularly got rid of by their connivance.

"Mr. Daniel Joy is a man to be pitied. Some two months ago he gave his watch to a watchmaker to be repaired. He afterwards found it at the pawnshop of Mr. Fairhurst, St. Anne Street. Before, however, the manager of that establishment would allow him to look at his property for the purpose of identification he made the owner pay interest, and wrote out a pawn ticket in the owner's name. The result of this clever transaction was that when the dishonest watchmaker was brought to the police court the magistrate was unable to order the watch to be given up to the person to whom it rightly belonged. Put into plain language the case amounts to this, that Joy has had his watch stolen from him, he knows who now holds the stolen property, but he cannot claim it because a pawnbroker has been clever. It seems to us that the Law is very lenient not to say generous, towards pawnbrokers. They take pledges under the most suspicious circumstances and they are never prosecuted for receiving stolen property which has come into their possession. Happy pawnbrokers! They are almost as well treated and make money nearly as fast as the publicans."

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